The Crafty Ploughman's Garland:

OR,

The Young FARMER's POLICY,

To gain a Fair LADY.

PART I.

ATtend now young lovers wherever you be
Unto this new ſong which I ſing unto ye
Concerning a farmer's young ſon, I declare
And a beautiful lady he loved moſt dear

This young lady's father, I do underſtand
Was worth three thouſand a year in good land
Having no other child to enjoy it, we hear
But now to the ſtory, good people give ear.

This young man ſtrait unto this lady went,
And in a ſhort time he gain'd her conſent;
But when her father the thing came to know,
Strait unto his daughter in a paſſion did go.

He ſaid, O dear daughter, I do underſtand,
That you are to marry ſtrait out of hand
A farmer's young ſon of mean degree,
This greatly will leſſon your own family.

But ſhe anſwer'd him, father I vow and proteſt,
My heart is lodg'd within his dear breaſt;
And no man beſides him I ever can love,
So that if I han't him, my ruin 'tw ll prove.

Well, daughter, her father did to her reply,
If ever you have him, no more come me nigh.
She anſwer'd, pray father, do juſt as you pleaſe.
But if that I han't him I ne'er ſhall have eaſe.

I care not for that, her croſs father did ſay,
Depend, if you do not my will obey,
One penny of portion you never ſhall have.
I care not, my jewel is all that I crave.

But furthermore, daughter, obſerve, as I live,
If you more admittance unto him do give?
Depend, if he ever more darken my door,
Then gaol is his portion, you well may be ſure.

PART II.

NOW while this lady in grief did lament,
She unto her lover a letter ſtrait ſent;
Wrote with her own hand, I am ruin'd ſhe cry'd,
My father ſays, love I ſhan't be your bride.

Now he is in wrath againſt thee my dear,
By which I am driven almoſt to deſpair:
He ſwears if I evermore entertain you,
He'd ſend thee to priſon without more ado.

But love, be aſſured my heart is true,
There's none upon earth I can love but you;
My love ſhall ne'er move while life doth remain,
So heaven protect us while we meet again.

Receiving the letter, at reading the ſame,
He ſigh'd, while his heart was all in a flame;
Then he ſaid, Since my jewel I cannot obtain,
I'll croſs the wide ocean to fight againſt Spain.

'Stead of going to enter on board as we hear,
He colour'd himſelf all black I declare;
And then got an outlandiſh dreſs alſo,
Thus for the Prince of Morocco did go.

Then to a couſin of his ſtraitway went,
Where unto him he diſcover'd his intent;
When he ſoon did cover himſelf black alſo,
Then he for a page to this Prince did go.

So unto the town where his true love did dwell,
Both he and his page went as I may tell,
Then thro' the town the noiſe did abound,
That the prince of Morocco was come to town.

Where gentlemen and ladies both far and near,
Did pay him a viſit as I do declare;
So at laſt the young lady he lov'd as his life,
Come here to ſee him, her father likewiſe.

Who invited him unto his houſe, as we hear,
Where he as a prince was attended I ſwear,
Then coſtly proviſion was brought I proteſt,
But now at laſt comes the creem of the jeſt.

His true love the lady, as I do proteſt,
She knew nto the farner's young ſon we proteſt,
But thought him the devil, or ſome of his crew;
For much like an imp he appear'd in her view.

But ſtraitway her father did underſtand,
It was for a wife he came to England,
He ſtrait to the prince theſe words reply'd,
If you pleaſe my daughter ſhall be your bride.

With all my heart, the farmer did ſay,
If ſhe'll be my bride I'll wed her to-day,
Ne'r fear, ſaid the father, I'll gain her conſent,
And then to his daughter immediately went.

He ſaid to his daughter If you will agree,
Then a queen, dear child you ſoon will be;
For a prince of Morocco will wed you I ſay,
Conſent, and we're made for e'er and a day.

The young lady ſtrait to her father reply'd,
Sir, would you have me be the devil's bride;
So father forbear, it ne'er ſhall be done,
I had rather beg with the farmer's young ſon.

Stand not to diſpute for him you ſhall have,
Then be crown'd with honour ſo fine and brave.

But father, ſhe ſaid, I never can him love,
So if I have him, my ruin it will prove.

Pray talk not ſo daughter, but my will obey,
Then get yourſelf ready, for this is the day,
That you may be wedded to a prince of fame;
Diſpute not, to anger your father, for ſhame.

With that the young lady replied indeed,
To be diſobedient deſtruction may prove;
So father, I'll wed him, your will to obey,
Tho' it is my ruin, I will not ſay nay.

So then to the church they went I declare,
And quickly were join'd in wedlock, we hear,
It made her old father to dance and to ſing,
For joy that his daughter ſhould be a queen.

In triumph and muſick the day johnny ſpent,
While the beautiful bride did ſigh and lament,
Fearing ſhe had loſt him ſhe loved ſo dear,
For her huſband he looked like Lucifer.

Now when night came to bed ſhe did repair,
And now to the ſun good people give ear?
Poor lady, ſhe look'd like a fox in a ſnare,
Who is ſo entangled he cannot get clear.

Now when young Johnny to bed did go
His bride, this lady, was oppreſſed with woe;
But Johnny, the prince, was pleas'd to the life
And with kind affection enjoyed his wife,

Upon the next morning I do underſtand,
He demanded her portion ſtrait out of hand;
And while the bumpers went merrily round'
Her father told out ſixty thouſand pound.

When ſmiling John had the portion receiv'd
He call'd for a baſon of water indeed;
And waſhing his face, to his father did ſay,
Come tell me now, do you know me I pray;

Her father he ſtamp'd, and ſaid, I am undone,
Z——ds, you are Johnny, the farmer's ſon
So give me my money again, he did cry,
No, keep it my love, was the lady's reply.

The money's your own, ſo am I, ſhe reply'd,
Likewiſe I am bleſs'd with a huſband beſide,
And now in the ſtead of a devil, ſaid ſhe,
You much like an angel appear unto me.

So hearing theſe words, the old man replyd
God bleſs you my children, a'm well ſatisfy
So prove a good huſband, and I do declare
Let me die when I will you ſhall be my heir.

Now lovers that hear this ſong, I do ſay,
Bear but a true mind, and you'll find a way
To obtain your love, whatever atten'd
For Fortune will ſtand the true lovers friend.

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